

# Chemo Limo (Album Version)

## Regina Spektor

I had a dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over  
Baby-sat all four of my kids Then in my dream  
I told the doctor off  
He said if you don't want to do it  
Then you don't have to do it  
He said the truth is  
You'll be okay, anyway Then in my dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin and the doctor  
Went and had a talk with my boss Something about insurance policies  
They kept the door closed at all times  
I couldn't hear or see When they came out they said  
You'll be okay, anyway  
And I smiled cause I'd known it all along. No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
I don't have to pay for this shit  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
I ain't about to die like this  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And besides this shit is making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
You know I plan to retire some day,  
And I'm gonna go out in style  
Go out in style  
This shit it's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in style When I woke up  
My kids were being quiet  
I knew it was a dream right away  
I called the limousine company Then I got dressed  
I dressed the kids as well  
The limousine pulled in  
And we piled in The doctor he asked which way we were headed  
I said, Sir, let's just go west and he listened obediently,  
Sophie only wants to listen to radio BBC  
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me  
All about the meanies

Jacqueline was being such a big girl  
With her cup of tea looking out of the window  
And Barbara  
She looks just like my mom  
Oh my god, Barbara  
She looks so much like my mom No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
I don't have to pay for this shit  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And on any given day I'd rather ride a limousine No thank you no thank you no thank you no thank you  
I ain't about to die like this  
I couldn't afford chemo like I couldn't afford a limo  
And besides this shit is making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me die  
You know I plan to retire some day,  
And I'm-a gonna go out in style  
Go out in style  
This shit it's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
It's making me tired  
I'm-a gonna go out in style go out in style Style  
Style  
Style?  
Style.  
Style..?  
Style  
Style..??  
Style. I had a dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and  
Baby-sat all four of my kids I had a dream  
Crispy crispy Benjamin Franklin came over and  
Baby-sat all four of my kids Sophie only want to tune us into radio BBC  
Michael sat on my knees and whispered to me  
All about the meanie  
Jacqueline was being such a big girl  
With her cup of tea looking out of the window  
And Barbara  
She looks just like my mom  
Oh my god, Barbara  
She looks so much like my mom Oh my god, Barbara  
She looks so much just like my mom...

Songwriters

Spektor, Regina Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>